

1502/215.

T H E
WESTMINSTER GUIDE.

A P O E M.

In T W O P A R T S.

VENALIS POPULUS VENALIS CURIA PATRUM.

PET. AR.



L O N D O N:

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THE following Effay was written hastily,
and designed only for the amusement
of a few friends---an apology which it is hoped
the candid reader will accept for the faults of
the composition.



THE
WESTMINSTER GUIDE

PART I.

ADDRESSED TO MR. ANSTY.

POST to town, my friend Ansty, or if you refuse

A visit in person, yet spare us your muse :

Give her wing, e'er too late for this city's election,

Where much waits her comment, and more her correction.

What novels to laugh at ! What follies to chide !

Oh ! how we all long for a Westminster Guide !

B

First,

First, in judgement decisive, as Ottoman Califf,
 Aloft on the huffings, behold the High Bailiff!
 But we miss from the feat, where law rests on a word,
 The old symbols of justice—the scales and the sword—
 As a symbol too martial the sword he discards,
 So 'tis lodged where it suits—in the hands of the guards;
 And doubting the poise of weak hands like his own,
 He suspended the scales at the foot of the throne.—

Turn next to the candidates—at such a crisis,—
 We've a right to observe on their virtues or vices.
 H—d founds (and with justness to most apprehensions)
 In years of fair services, manly pretensions;
 But his party to change, and his friend to betray,
 By some are held better pretensions in W—y.

For the third, if at court we his character scan,
 A dæmon incarnate is poor Carlo-Khan;
 Catch his name when afloat on convivial bumpers,
 Or sent up to the skies by processions of plumpers,

He is freedom's defender, the champion of right,
 The man of the people, the nation's delight:
 To party or passion we scorn to appeal,
 Nor want we the help of intemperate zeal,
 Let time from detraction have rescued his cause,
 And our verse shall but echo a nation's applause,

But hark, proclamation ! and silence intreated !
 The inspectors arranged—the polling clerks seated—
 With bibles in hand, to purge willing and loth,
 With the catholic test,^{and} the bribery oath.
 In clamour and tumult mobs thicken around,
 And for one voice to vote, there are ten to confound ;
 St. Giles's with Wapping unites Garretteers,
 H—d and W—y and prerogative—P—t and three cheers !
 'Tis the day for the court—the grand treasury push !
 And the pack of that kennel well trained to the *brush*,
 Dash noisy and fearless through thick and through thin,
 The huntsman unseen, but his friends whippers-in.——

Now

Now follow fresh tribes, scarce a man worth a louse,
 Till put into plight at N———d House ;
 Ten poll for one mansion, each proving he keeps it,
 And one for each chimney—he'll prove that he sweeps it——
 With these mix the great, on rights equally fables,
 Great peers from poor lodgings, great lawyers from stables ;
 Ev'n the foldier whose household's a centinel box,
 Claims a questionless franchise, 'gainst freedom and F—x ;
 All dubbed and maintain'd upon influence regal
 Of the new H——e of C——s constituents legal.——

What troops too of females 'mongst Charles's opposers,
 Old tabbies, and goffips, scolds, giglers, and sprofers !
 And Lady Lackpension, and Dowager Thrifty,
 And many a maiden the wrong side of fifty,
 And Fubzy with flesh and with flabbiness laden,
 (And in all things indeed the reverse of a maiden)
 And hags after hags join the barbarous din,
 More hateful than serpents, more ugly than Sin.

Thus

* Thus the bacchanal tribes when they Orpheus assailed,
 Drowned his notes with their yells e'er their vengeance prevailed,
 Well knowing the sound of his voice or his lyre,
 Had charms to allay diabolical ire.
 Our bacchanals find a more difficult foe :
 For what strains can enchant, though from Orpheus they flow,
 Like the orator's spell o'er the patriot mind,
 When pleading to reason the cause of mankind ?

Now for councils more secret that govern the plan——
A Calif is nothing without a DIVAN.——

* NOTE.] Thus the bacchanal tribes, &c.

Cunctaque tela forent cantu mollita : sed ingens
 Clamor, et inflatâ Berecynthia tibia cornu,
 Tympanaque, Plaususque, et Bacchei ululatus
 Obstrepere sono Citharæ. Tum denique Saxa
 Non exauditi rubuerunt Sanguine Vatis.

OVID.

C

With

With invifible ftep let us fteal on the quorum,

Where M——g fits in the chair of decorum.

And W——t harrangues to the brethren elect,

* On his mafters commands—" Carry law to effect."

" The true reading my friends in the *Jus Bacculinum*,

" When the Foxites are drubbed, then imprifon or fine 'em;

" And let him who would conftrue th' effective ftill further,

" Knock out a friend's brains to accufe them of murder.

" I have ready fome hundreds of refolute knaves,

" With bludgeons well fhaped into conftables ftaves,

" In Weftminfter ftangers,—true creatures of power,

" Like the lions,—ferociously nurfed at the Tower †.

" Do we want more fupport?—Mark! that band of red coats!

" Whofe firft fervice over, of giving their votes,

" Why not try for a fecond—the cutting of throats?

}
}

* See the letter of the Lord Lieutenant of M——x, May 8th.

† Thefe ftange conftables were avowedly brought from the Tower Hamlets.

" From the Savoy they march—their mercy all lie-at,
 " When the Bench gives the call, and St. J----s's the *fiat*."
 Thus the law of effect the wise justice expounds,
 This is W——t's abridgement comprised in twelve rounds ;
 The new Middlesex Code—which treats subjects like partridge,
 While the Statutes at large are cut up into cartridge.

Enough of these horrors---a milder design,
 Though not a more lawful one, C——t, is thine !
 The polling to close, but decision adjourn,
 And in scrutiny endless to sink the return.
 Thy employers who ranged on the Treasury Bench,
 For prerogative fight, or behind it intrench,
 Shall boldly stand forth in support of the act,
 Which they mean to restrain by law after the fact ;
 With quibble and puzzel that reason disgrace,
 Or with impudent paradox put in its place,
 They shall hold, *that an indigent party's defence,*
When at war with the Treasury, lies in expence ;

That

* *That the part of the vexed is to cherish vexation,*

And strain it through DRIPSTONES of procrastination——

These positions you'll say are indeed hypothetical,——

At court they'll be Gospel---the muse is prophetic.

* See the speech of a young Orator in a late debate.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

(II)

P A R T II.

ADDRESSED

T O M R. H A Y L E Y.

TO thy candour now Hayley I offer the line,
Which after thy model I fain would refine.

Thy skill, in each trial of melody sweeter,
Can to elegant themes adapt frolicksome metre ;
And at will, with a comic or tender controul,
Now speak to the humour, and now to the soul.
We'll turn from the objects of satire and spleen,
That late, uncontrasted, disfigured the scene ;

D

To

To W—y leave the rage the defeated attends,
 And the conqueror hail in the arms of his friends;
 Count with emulous zeal the selected and true.
 Enroll in the list, and the triumph pursue.
 These are friendships that bloomed in the morning of life,
 Those were grafted on thorns midst political strife;
 Alike they matured from the stem, or the flower,
 Unblighted by int'rest, unshaken by power.
 Bright band! to whose feelings in constancy tried,
 Disfavour is glory, oppression is pride;
 Attached to his fortunes, and fond of his fame,
 Vicissitudes pass but to shew you the same.

But whence this fidelity, new to the age?
 Can parts, though sublime, such attachments engage?
 No: the dazzle of parts may the passions allure,
 'Tis the heart of the friend makes affections endure.
 The heart that intent on all worth but its own,
 Assists every talent, and arrogates none;

The feeble protects, as it honors the brave,
Expands to the just, and hates only the knave.

These are honors, my Fox, that are due to thy deeds;
But lo! yet a brighter alliance succeeds:
The alliance of beauty in lustre of youth,
That shines on thy cause with the radiance of truth.
The conviction they feel the fair zealots impart,
And the eloquent eye sends it home to the heart.
Each glance has the touch of Ithuriel's spear,
That no art can withstand, no delusion can bear,
And the effort of malice and lie of the day,
Detected and scorn'd, break like vapour away.

Avaunt, ye profane! the fair pageantry moves:
An entry of Venus, led on by the loves!
Behold how the urchins round Devonshire press!
For orders, submissive, her eyes they address:
She assumes her command with a diffident smile,
And leads, thus attended, the pride of the Isle.

Oh!

Oh ! now for the pencil of Guido ! to trace,
 Of Keppel the features, of Waldegraves the grace ;
 Of Fitzroy the bloom the May morning to vie,
 Of Sefton the air, of Ducannon the eye;
 Of Loftus the smiles (though with preference proud,
 She gives ten to her husband, for one to the croud ;)
 Of Portland the manner, that steals on the breast,
 But is too much her own to be caught or expressed ;
 The charms that with sentiment Bouverie blends,
 The fairest of forms and the truest of friends ;
 The look that in Warburton, humble and chaste,
 Speaks candor and truth, and discretion and taste,
 Or with equal expression in Horton combined,
 Vivacity's dimples with reason refined.

Reynolds, haste to my aid, for a figure divine,
 Where the pencil of Guido has yielded to thine ;
 Bear witness the canvas where Sheridan *lives*,
 And with angels, the lovely competitor, strives——

While

While Earth claims her beauty and Heaven her strain,
Be it mine to adore ev'ry link of the chain !

But new claimants appear e'er the lyre's unstrung,
Can Payne be pass'd by ? shall not Milner be sung ?
See Delmé and Howard, a favourite pair,
For the grace of both class'd, the zealous and fair——
A verse for Morant, like her wit may it please,
Another for Braddyll of elegant ease,
For Bamfylde a simile worthy her frame——
Quick, quick,—I have yet half a hundred to name——
Not Parnassus in concert could answer the call,
Nor multiplied muses do justice to all.

Then follow the throng where with festal delight
More pleasing than Hebe, Crewe opens the night.
Not the goblet nectareous of welcome and joy,
That Dido prepared for the hero of Troy ;
Not Fiction, describing the banquets above,
Where goddesses mix at the table of Jove ;

Could afford to the soul more ambrosial cheer
Than attends on the fairer associates here.
But Crewe, with a mortal's distinction content,
Bounds her claim, to the rites of this happy event;
For the hero to twine civic garlands of fame,
With the laurel and rose interweaving his name,
And while Io Pæans his merits avow,
As the Queen of the feast, place the wreath on his brow.

F I N I S.

